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ORIGINAL.

THOUGHTS ON THE WORD WOMAN.

IN the course of my reading, I attend particularly to the true meaning, derivation, and sublimity of words. But in all my researches and penetrations, I have met with no word, which has made a deeper impression on my mind than the word *Woman*. Oh! sweet, enchanting word!—May a word that contains so much intrinsic excellence, ever possess the inmost shrine of my heart. O thou who was the first title of the amiable females, may you continue to be so until the end of time!

In order to explain the true and genuine meaning of the word *Woman*, I will not confine myself to speak of the word undissolved, which would give the meaning of the word only in the aggregate, but I will explain it by the letters in order.

W, is the first letter, which denotes wisdom and knowledge, which a woman ought always to possess—or it may mean, that he who joins himself to a woman in matrimony, is wise; and he who doth not, is foolish.—W, may also stand for wealth; denoting that a woman is a most valuable treasure—more valuable than all the riches of India. *Woman* is the source of national wealth—manufactures, the labor of their hands, produce the greatest variety and most valuable articles of traffic in the world. They answer fully the ancient description given by Solomon—“They seek wool and flax; “they work willingly with their hands; they lay their “hands to the spindle, and their hands hold the distaff.”

B b

O, is the next letter in order, which stands for obedience, pointing out, that a woman always yields a proper obedience to her husband, and is a strict observer of all laws, both natural and moral; O, may with equal propriety stand for *ornament*—For a woman is, and ever has been an ornament to the world. By her words and actions she adorns the human race—Yes, her very appearance adds elegance and beauty to the creation.

M, is the next letter, which stands for *merit* and *modesty*. A woman merits the esteem of the world at large, and of every individual, who are lovers of excellence. Their incomparable beauty merits admiration; their superlative excellence and importance merit attention; and their strict observance to the rules of virtue and good order, merits the approbation of every true lover of rectitude. Modesty is one of the leading characteristics of a woman; and if it was not for a few exceptions, woman and modesty would be synonymous terms, and consequently would render a farther explanation of the word useless. Modesty is one of the chief beauties of the female character. There is more beauty in the modest innocent blush of a young lady, than in the most complete artificial performance of the sculptor's pencil—Therefore, ladies, remember the letter M, in the word, *Woman*!

A, is the next letter in order, which stands for amiableness; pointing out that tenderness, softness of passion, delicacy of taste, vivacity of spirit, and rectitude of morals, which must inevitably produce tender emotions in the heart of every gentleman, whose breast is in the least susceptible of the tender impressions of love. The voice of a woman is sweeter than any violin—her innocent blush excels the new-bloomed rose—her smile makes the whole face of nature apparently rejoice, and her gestures are more regular, than the most complete artificial machine. All these are comprehended in the word amiableness; or in the letter A, in the word, *Woman*!

N, is the next and last letter, which stands for neatness; because, woman is the neatest of the creation. —

She is neat in her figure, neat in her cloathing, neat in her actions, and neat in all her words.

Now let us sum up the whole, and see what is implied in the word, *Woman*—W, is wisdom and wealth—O, is obedience and ornament—M, is merit and modesty—A, is amiableness, and N, neatness. Now, where you find these properties you find a true, real woman; and where you do not, you cannot with propriety, say you have found a woman. From these observations, I am right in asserting, that every lady old and young, is more honored when called woman (if stiled so with propriety) than when she is called *Lady, Miss, Mrs. Princess*, or even *Queen*. Therefore ladies, strive to merit that title, with which you are universally honored. Do with the word, *Woman*, as the Jews did with their principle rules and commandments—bind it to your foreheads, and pin it to the sleeve of your right arms, that you may have it always before you and in your minds.

M—*Junior*.

SELECTIONS.

A LETTER FROM EDWIN TO HIS SISTER.

P—*College, July, 1803.*

(*Concluded from page 158.*)

There are many intelligent females, who are ornaments to society, I am proud to acknowledge; but, like precious metals, are seldom to be found. To prove this, it is only necessary to frequent the society of young females, and listen to their conversation, which is generally composed of the insignificant and nonsensical trifles of the day; subjects of taste or literature are treated as too masculine to occupy one moment of their precious time. Indeed, those societies may truly be stiled the Exchange of Trifles, where each member, with a characteristic loquacity, pours forth her budget of all-important nonsense, for the benefit of the general weal. Thus hardened in ignorance, and initiated in dissipation,

they run on in their thoughtless career of pleasure, as if formed merely to foster the libertinism of men, or to be their passive and obedient slaves. How few females are there of the present day, who are even tolerably qualified to be the companion of the man of sense; and still fewer that spend a proper portion of their time in qualifying themselves for conjugal felicity. Yet all look forward to the marriage state as the acme of happiness; all expect felicity from this connection, and fondly cherish the idea of gliding down the gentle current of life in bliss and pleasure, without one storm to interrupt their repose. But how irrational, how vain the expectation, to look for happiness in marriage, or any other situation in life, without the least solicitude to prepare themselves for it.

Females, Maria, are too anxious to be called fashionable; and to attain this character, they sacrifice the bewitching simplicity of nature, in aping the fantastical airs and disgusting manners of the ignorant votaries of fashion. But this is a character by no means enviable; for where is there a more despicable being in nature than a woman of fashion? She appears to be rather the workmanship of nature's apprentice, than of nature herself. A woman of fashion is scarcely qualified for any station in life; as a companion she is disgusting, as a wife she is the bane of domestic repose; the only pleasure wealth affords her, is to make an ostentatious display of it. She is fond of her ornaments more because they excite the jealousy of those of her own sex, than from a desire to gain the esteem of the men. Yet these puppets, better qualified for the shew-box than to ornament society, attract crowds of admirers. But the intelligent female will never envy them this honor, when she reflects that the grossest matter always attracts the most flies. Indeed, Maria, human dignity has come to a low ebb, when imbecility and vice is to triumph over understanding and virtue; and warp and mould the manners and customs of society as capricious folly may dictate.

This state of mental imbecility of so large a portion

of the female sex, tends probably more than any other circumstance, to retard the progress of knowledge in general. What a fund of wisdom and happiness is lost to society by the mere influence of custom!—Some females, it is true, have risen superior to the prejudices of the times, and astonished the world with their genius; but how few the magnanimous number!—When those pleasures and amusements of the present age, which occupy so much of the time of females, shall be exchanged for the rational and exquisite pleasures of mental improvement; and when that frivolity of conversation, for which they have been so justly and universally satirized, shall yield to colloquial disquisitions, on subjects of taste and literature in general, then indeed, and not till then, may we hope to arrive to that perfectability in human wisdom and happiness, that will truly realize the *golden age*.

Were females, Maria, to choose their companions, as men of sense distinguish their's by real merit, what a desirable revolution would take place in society. We should then witness the pleasing sight of those young fops (*men they cannot be called*) who now spend their precious youth in gallantry, and who view marriage only as a necessary evil to recruit their shattered fortunes, turning their attention to the improvement of their minds, and thereby retrieve their character. With what a laudable ambition would it fire the young breast, was the good opinion of the fair only to be obtained by real merit. Virtue would then triumph over vice, and characterize the age. But, alas! it has now almost become proverbial, that the greater the *fool* and sycophant, the more certain the *success* with the *fair*. It is not the man of intelligence whose company is generally prized by the female sex; but him that is playful as a *Spaniel*, fawning as a *courtier*, as full of low anecdote as a *king's fool*, and has as many tricks as a *monkey*, is always sure of a hearty welcome!!! * * *

* * * * *

Your affectionate

EDWIN.

KOTZEBUE'S ACCOUNT
OF THE
ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

[From his flight to Paris—in the Autumn of 1793.]

(Continued from page 148.)

AT five o'clock I arose. I received the joyful information, that my poor Frederica had passed a quiet night, and I found her easy when I went to her bed-side, and kissed her as usual. This much increased my flattering hopes.

Since she appeared so well, Madame Musæus went home early, and I lighted my morning pipe, and retired for a short time to another room, that I might not disturb my wife with the fumes of my tobacco. I had not been there long, before the maid came to me half breathless, and pale with horror, bringing a handkerchief all over blood, which my Frederica had thrown up. What a new source of alarm and anguish! I hastened to her, and found her with a short cough and spitting blood.—I ran with all possible speed to the physician, he ordered her a composing draught, which I gave her; the cough soon abated, and she began to doze.

My strength was almost exhausted. The morning sun shone on the opposite houses, the air was warm, the heavens serene. I resolved to avail myself of my wife's being a sleep to breath a little fresh air. I turned my steps towards Belvedere. Were I to describe all my thoughts, my feelings, my prayers, my hopes, my fears, upon this walk, they would fill a large volume of themselves. Is it not a strong argument in favor of the immortality of the soul, that our thoughts and feelings are not confined by time? That they pass with such rapidity, that a single moment suffices to revolve in idea what would occupy years in action? That no man can say such and such a portion of thoughts shall pass in my mind in such a number of minutes, but that the acts of ages are involuntarily compressed together in one momentary perception, and yet appear as clear to the mind as though every object, every circumstance, were embo-

died before the eyes? What then can be this principle, that requires neither space nor time for its operations, yet works so all-comprehensively within us? Can it be aught but spirit?

Powerful are the charms of nature. Even on this awful day her enchantments for a moment engrossed my senses, and lulled my anguish to rest. The warm serene sunshine assimilating itself with what it found congenial in my bosom, some rays of reviving hope, they for a while, by their combined power, suppressed the tumults that raged there. "*Ah,*" I suddenly exclaimed aloud, "*All will yet be well!!!*" Fancy supported this blessed idea, and raised within me a crowd of transporting images. I saw the bloom of health once more spread itself over the cheeks of my beloved Frederica. I saw her walking up and down the room, somewhat weak indeed, but supported by my arm, apprehensive of no farther danger. I sought out for her the best old Rhenish wine that could be procured, omitted nothing that might contribute to her entire restoration, and when this anxiously desired object was finally attained, I thought of solemnizing a little festival to commemorate the blessed event. My eldest boy I determined should learn a poem by heart, two orphan children should be clothed, and a circle of select friends invited. After dinner as we were sitting round the table, a band of music should strike up in the next room, *Lord God, we praise thee!* When we, filling our glasses, and raising them up towards heaven, I with my other hand round the neck of my beloved wife, would sing in chorus, *Lord God, we praise thee!*

Oh flattering fancy! for one moment didst thou here make me happy! It was a drop of cordial to enable me to struggle with new sorrow!

Amid these musings, I insensibly reached the Castle of Belvedere, about half an hour's walk from Weimar. I bought a nosegay for my wife, and a rose bush in a pot, for she was always very fond of flowers. The nosegay I carried home myself. I reached my house about half past one, when I found my Frederica still asleep, nor had

she coughed during the whole of my absence. About two o'clock she awoke—I gave her the flowers—she seemed pleased with them, but it was only a momentary pleasure, she soon relapsed into her accustomed indifference to every thing. The eruption meanwhile continued, and this kept my hopes still alive. But in the afternoon the cough and spitting of blood returned, and continued for a long time. In the evening it abated, yet she breathed very short, and scarcely knew any body. Leeches were applied below her right breast, but she did not appear to feel them. The rose-bush I had bought in the morning was brought in, and placed by her bedside, but she paid no attention to it. I am silent as to my own situation; it may be conceived, it cannot be described.

About ten o'clock she seemed to be in the last agonies. Her throat rattled, her eyes were fixed, and the physician as well as myself, thought there was every symptom of approaching death. My friends intreated me not to stay, and see her die; and reminded me that I owed to our children the preservation of my life and senses. I was so stupified, that I knew not what I did. I took leave of my wife, who neither heard or saw me. Only for one moment, when I threw myself upon her, and pressed my burning lips to hers, did she seem in some degree sensible, and returned my kiss very faintly. This token of her love gave me the sudden relief of tears, they streamed down my cheeks—I kissed her again and again, and rushed out of the room, in the fatal conviction that these were the last kisses I ever should give this beloved wife.

I was solicited to leave the house, but while any hopes of her life remained that was impossible. I threw myself upon a bed in another apartment, where I continued in a state of mind little short of distraction. My mother remained in the room with my Frederica.

How shall I describe this long and miserable night! Every moment I expected to receive the last fatal tidings. As often as I heard the door of my poor wife's chamber open, my heart was ready to beat through my breast,

and all my limbs shook—I expected it to be the messenger of death. About midnight I heard the sound of coffee grinding in the kitchen. Oh God! this seemed an assurance that all was over, that those who were watching with her had no other object of attention remaining but themselves.

A thousand times had I resolved to go and satisfy myself upon this dreadful subject, but anguish held me back; the idea of seeing her corpse, the corpse of my Frederica, was perfect agony. Still, still, I thought, a ray of hope remains in my bosom, shall I deprive myself of that by rushing on a dreadful certainty? Amid these horrid reflections, I continued tossing on the bed, experiencing torments not to be exceeded by those of hell. No! the sensations of a criminal whom the following morning is to lead to execution, cannot be half so dreadful.

Yet one more transient interval of hope was in store for me. Sometimes the lamp in my room appeared nearly extinguished, and then again quickly burned bright and clear. This seemed a type of human life, and I thought that my beloved wife might revive again as the flame of the lamp.

Four o'clock had just struck, when I heard the door of the sick chamber open, and my mother's footsteps approaching mine. My senses were nearly gone—I could hear my heart beat. I looked wildly at her as she entered—“*She is still alive,*” were the first words she spoke. What a balsam were they to my wounded soul! I burst into a shower of heart-relieving tears. I had no power of speech—I could not ask a single question, but my mother told me with a countenance of consolation, that immediately after midnight, the dreadful situation in which I left my wife began to amend; she became easy, and had not coughed since; she now knew every body, and had asked several times for me. With one spring I was in her arms. Oh God, what a blessed change!—She knew me, she smiled, she returned my kisses, and said sweetly, *I can kiss thee now joyfully—awhile ago it was painful to me!*—She was perfectly,

Cc.

rational, and assured me she found herself better. I brought her the rose-bush; she seemed highly delighted, and even reached out her head to smell to it.

My transport was unbounded, and I inwardly thanked God for his mercy with an ardor seldom perhaps experienced. I considered my wife as saved. I thought within myself whatever has ascended to the utmost height it can reach, must inevitably fall again. My Frederica's disorder had last night reached that summit, and now is in its descent. I waited with impatience the dawning of day, when I hastened to the physician, who was astonished beyond measure to hear me say, *My wife is still alive*. He recounted over all the symptoms of approaching death that had appeared the preceding evening; and since these had subsided, he ventured to hope with me, that the crisis was past, and she might yet be restored.

He ordered her some medicines, with which I will own I was not satisfied, since I could not help apprehending that there was great danger of the exertion of taking them bringing on again the cough and spitting of blood. But since they were recommended by both physicians, and I had great respect for their judgment, I yielded my own opinion, and had them prepared. But alas! what I had feared actually ensued—she immediately began again to cough. I hastened once more to the physicians, though with much less sanguine feelings than before, and told them what had happened, when they desired that all attempts at medicine might be relinquished.

Alas! never shall I be able to banish the dreadful idea, that had she been suffered to remain quiet that morning, and not been disturbed in this way, her youth and excellent constitution might at length have worn out her disease. Yet let it not be thought that I mean to cast a reflection upon our two worthy physicians. I am confident that they were scarcely less anxious than myself, to save a life so dear to us all; and I doubt not were actuated by the fear of omitting any thing at so important a moment, that had the remotest chance of

proving beneficial. But when a house is burnt down, people are very apt to say, that a pail of water thrown earlier on this or that spot, might have saved the whole edifice. The world must not be severe with a man under misfortune.

(To be Continued.)

DR. HERSCHEL'S ACCOUNT OF VOLCANOS
IN THE MOON.

(From the London Philosophical Transactions.)

IT will be necessary to say a few words by way of introduction, to the account I have to give of some appearances upon the moon, which I perceived the 10th and 20th of this month. The phenomena of Nature, especially those that fall under the inspection of the astronomer, are to be viewed, not only with the usual attention to facts as they occur, but with the eye of reason and experience. In this we are however not allowed to depart from plain appearances; though their origin and signification should be indicated by the most characterising features. Thus, when we see, on the surface of the moon, a great number of elevations, from half a mile to a mile and a half in height, we are strictly intitled to call them mountains; but, when we attend to their particular shape, in which many of them resemble the craters of our volcanos, and thence argue that they owe their origin to the same cause which has modelled many of these, we may be said to see by analogy, or with the eye of reason. Now in this latter case, though it may be convenient, in speaking of phenomena, to use expressions that can only be justified by reasoning upon the facts themselves, it will be certainly the safest way not to neglect a full description of them, that it may appear to others how far we have been authorized to use the mental eye. This being premised, I may safely proceed to give my observations.

April 19, 1787, 10h. 36' sidereal time.

"I perceive three volcanos in different places of the dark part of the new moon. Two of them are either

already nearly extinct, or otherwise in a state of going to break out : which perhaps may be decided next lunation. The third shews an actual eruption of fire, or luminous matter. I measured the distance of the crater from the northern limb of the moon, and found it $3' 57''$, 3. Its light is much brighter than the nucleus of the comet which M. Mechain discovered at Paris, the 10th of this month.

April 20, 1787, 10h. 2' sidereal time.

“ The volcano burns with greater violence than last night. I believe its diameter cannot be less than $3''$, by comparing it with that of the Georgian planet ; as Jupiter was near at hand, I turned the telescope to his third satellite, and estimated the diameter of the burning part of the volcano to be equal to at least twice that of the satellite. Hence we may compute that the shining or burning matter must be above three miles in diameter. It is of an irregular round figure, and very sharply defined on the edges. The other two volcanos are much farther towards the center of the moon, and resemble large, pretty faint nebulae, that are gradually much brighter in the middle ; but no well defined luminous spot can be discerned in them. These three spots are plainly to be distinguished from the rest of the marks upon the moon ; for the reflection of the sun's rays from the earth is, in its present situation, sufficiently bright with a ten feet reflector, to shew the moon's spots, even the darkest of them : nor did I perceive any similar phenomena last lunation, though I then viewed the same places with the same instrument.

“ The appearance of what I have called the actual fire or eruption of a volcano, exactly resembled a small piece of burning charcoal, when it is covered by a very thin coat of white ashes, which frequently adhere to it when it has been some time ignited ; and it had a degree of brightness, about as strong as that with which such a coal would be seen to glow in faint daylight.

All the adjacent parts of the volcanic mountain seemed to be faintly illuminated by the eruption, and

were gradually more obscure as they lay at a greater distance from the crater.

“ This eruption resembled much that which I saw on the 4th of May, in the year 1783; an account of which, with many remarkable particulars relating to volcanic mountains in the moon, I shall take an early opportunity of communicating to this society. It differed, however, considerably in magnitude and brightness; for the volcano of the year 1783, though much brighter than that which is now burning, was not nearly so large in the dimensions of its eruption: the former seen in a telescope resembled a star of the fourth magnitude as it appears to the natural eye; this, on the contrary, shews a visible disk of luminous matter, very different from the sparkling brightness of star-light.

HISTORY OF THE VIRGINIAN MOUNTAINS.

(From Jefferson's *Notes on the State of Virginia.*)

IT is worthy notice, that our mountains are not solitary and scattered confusedly over the face of the country; but that they commence at about 150 miles from the sea-coast, are disposed in ridges one behind another, running nearly parallel with the sea-coast, though rather approaching it as they advance north-eastwardly. To the south-west, as the tract of country between the sea-coast and the Mississippi becomes narrower, the mountains converge into a single ridge, which, as it approaches the Gulph of Mexico, subsides into plain country, and gives rise to some of the waters of that Gulph, and particularly to a river called the Apalachicola, probably from the Apalachies, an Indian nation formerly residing on it. Hence the mountains giving rise to that river, and seen from its various parts, were called the Apalachian mountains, being in fact the end or termination only of the great ridges passing through the continent. European geographers however extended the name northwardly as far as the mountains extended; some giving it, after their separation into different ridges, to

the Blue ridge, others the North mountain, others to the Alleghaney, others to the Laurel ridge, as may be seen in their different maps. But the fact I believe is, that none of these ridges were ever known by that name to the inhabitants, either native or emigrant, but as they saw them so called in European maps. In the same direction generally are the veins of lime-stone, coal and other minerals hitherto discovered; and so range the falls of our great rivers. But the courses of the great rivers are at right angles with these. James and Patowmac penetrate through all the ridges of mountains eastward of the Alleghaney; that is broken by no watercourse. It is in fact the spine of the country between the Atlantic on the one side, and the Mississippi and St. Laurence on the other. The passage of the Patowmac through the Blue ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain an hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Patowmac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards, that in this place particularly they have been dammed up by the Blue ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that continuing to rise they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrapture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the fore-ground. It is as placid and delightful, as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being cloven assunder, she presents to your

eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way too the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Patowmac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredericktown and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the natural bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre. The height of our mountains has not yet been estimated with any degree of exactness. The Alleghany being the great ridge which divides the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Mississippi, its summit is doubtless more elevated above the ocean than that of any other mountain. But its relative height, compared with the base on which it stands, is not so great as that of some others, the country rising behind the successive ridges like the steps of stairs. The mountains of the Blue ridge, and of these the Peaks of Otter, are thought to be of a greater height, measured from their base, than any others in our country, and perhaps in North America. From data which may found a tolerable conjecture, we suppose the highest peak to be about 4000 feet perpendicular, which is not a fifth part of the height of the mountains of South America, nor one third of the height which would be necessary in our latitude to preserve ice in the open air unmelted through the year. The ridge of mountains next beyond the Blue ridge, called by us the North mountain, is of the greatest extent; for which reason they were named by the Indians the Endless Mountains.

ON THE NECESSITY OF
PARENTAL RESTRAINT

IN THE EARLY PART OF FEMALE LIFE.

DID not daily experience convince us to the contrary, one would hardly think it possible that there could be such a being as a cruel parent ; and yet I am satisfied, in my opinion, that parents in general, are oftener guilty of folly than cruelty. Whatever may be the disposition of a man to severity, yet the fond endearments, wheedlings and caresses of his children, whom he considers as a part of himself, will ever prevent him from acting the part of a tyrant, unless he has a soul callous to all feelings, and deaf to all the calls of humanity. I believe it will be found upon enquiry, that one half of the errors, which children commit, and our daughters in particular, owe their existence to the folly and ambition of their parents—who under the ambitious idea that their children should dress as well as their neighbors—feather them up in all the empty parade of fashion, and thereby sow in their little hearts, those seeds of pride which spring up all the rest of their lives, and effectually choak all the beneficent shoots of reason.—Though pride may, in some degree, be considered as the centinel of female virtue ; yet like a treacherous guard, it often betrays them, and leads them into the most fatal errors—for a girl having once been taught to consider dress as an essential point, should she loose her parents or friends, by whom she is supported in her gaudy parade, yet the pride of her heart will not suffer her to submit to what she before considered as a vulgar dress, as noble gamblers, after a run of ill luck, put up their estates at auction, in order to pay their debts of honor—so it must be feared that the proud female heart, humbled by the loss of parents or friends, rather than to appear humiliated in the eyes of the world, will barter her virtue for folly, and meet her disgrace and ruin in the arms of the assassin of innocence.

To know how properly to deny or comply with the request of a child, seems to be one of the nicest and most essential points of a parent ; to deny them what is necessary and suitable to his own condition and circumstances is cruel and unjust ; to grant them more is madness and folly—but here will arise the question, who is to be the judge of what is necessary, the parent, or the child ? I fear the child too often determines that point, and the parent gives up what he should invariably support and maintain, his own opinion. When once thro' our weakness and affection for our children, we thus suffer them to triumph over us ; we then take a lasting farewell of all order and subordination ; and we must not complain, should they then oppose us with indifference and contempt ; and at last, accuse us of being silly dotards, and the authors of their ruin.

I am well aware, that this kind of doctrine will draw a frown on many a pretty face ; but as I write not to flatter the folly of any one, nor to insult the empire of beauty, I shall address a few friendly words to the female sex—

Remember my fair friends, that there is nothing truly valuable in this life but virtue, and that the parade and glare of dress, is more its enemy than its friend, though modesty, peculiar and graceful to your sex, will not permit you to own, yet certainly true it is, that your fondness for dress owes its origin to the wish of procuring yourselves rich and opulent husbands. Your gaudy dress may indeed entrap the fool or the coxcomb ; but what girl of sense would wish to make a husband of either ; the sensible man will not be directed in the choice of a wife by her lawns, her silks, or her satins ; but by the internal perfections of her mind ; he will consider how far she is capable of giving up the gaieties and pleasures of life, to the painful task of managing her family—he will consider that as she will partake with him of all his pleasures and comforts, so she must be of a mind that will sooth him amidst the cares, troubles, and disappointments of this life, and think no home

like her own, nor no man like her husband. Happy must be such a union—equally miserable the reverse.

However morose you may consider these reflections, the time may come, when you may with a sigh, acknowledge the truth of them.

HUMAN NATURE.



THE STORY OF *ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.*

[Taken from a Byzantine Historian.]

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow students together—the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world—for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow student; which he did with

all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both—for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion—it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman.—They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest dignity of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise

so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

(To be Continued.)



"All crimes are safe, but bated Poverty."

A FRAGMENT.

—“YES, poverty, thou art horrible!—in what ever colors poets may paint thee, thou art most horrible. —Thou art cold as the grave—the winter winds whistle about thee—icicles hang from thy shaggy hair, and the cold snows beat upon thy naked bosom. Thou hast neither a hut to shelter thee—nor fire to warm thee—nor clothes to cover thee—nor food to satisfy thy craving appetite—Thou hast no friends—the eye of pity is never turned on thee—nor the tear of sympathy excited by thy sufferings.—Thou art an outcast from the world—thou art hated and persecuted by all—thou art despised and detested by the whole human race.—What dost thou then in this world? Is there any hope for thee? Art thou not wretched beyond conception—and dost thou still cling to the hillock of earth? Go, hide thyself in the grave—There thine enemies cannot hurt thee, nor the insolence of prosperity reach thee—There shalt thou rest in peace—the cold clod shall press lightly on thy breast, and thy manifold sufferings be remembered no more—There shalt thou feel neither cold nor hunger—the winter winds shall whistle unheeded, and the rude storm shall beat harmless on the sod which covers thee.—Yes, thanks to heaven! there is one consolation left me, and this will I cherish—it will support me a little longer—I will go, and for a moment forget that I was miserable.

SPANISH PROVERB.

TALKING very much and lying are cousin Germans.